

BARBARA And the Beast

By Dorothy Blackmore

Barbara Graham was an artist, and the most of her kind she was struggling to keep the wolf from stepping over the threshold of her studio. Practical beyond the usual run of young woman possessed of the artistic temperament, she had even gone as far as to make capital out of that hungry wolf by painting his imaginary image so realistically that it sent for a goodly sum.

Animals were Barbara's specialty. She had been a lover of the dumb beasts ever since she was old enough to love anything, and when she took up her palette and brush her fancy seemed to run always to animals.

For this reason, she had obtained for the summer months an outdoor studio converted from the small back garden of an English basement house. She found it more convenient for her animal models and, in lieu of going to the country herself, she found the outdoor work beneficial. An old stone wall enclosed the garden and Ivy and Virginia creepers struggled over it here and there. The small grass plot in the center was edged with bright, old-fashioned flowers, and Barbara had added a rustic urn or two to the corners.

This morning she was putting the finishing touches to a canvas over which she had worked unusually hard. The picture a big, tri-colored mother cat lay in an overturned basket with her small family about her.

Barbara had discovered the feline family in her big rustic chair over which she had taken it as a gift from the gods, for she was in need of a model for a new canvas. She had waited long enough for the wee kittens to get their eyes open and assume fat and chubby proportions before beginning to transfer their likenesses to her canvas. Meantime, she had made the mother cat comfortable in a basket and fed her half a bottle of her own precious milk each morning.

This picture, with two others, was to be hung in a small exhibit during the approaching winter.

Barbara now had two of her pictures ready, and, for the third, she was working. It was an easy enough matter to go to the animal home and secure a model from which to paint, but Barbara's heart was set on painting a certain little thoroughbred dog she had seen pass her windows every morning for three weeks. The question was—how to get him? The dog followed his master closely and Barbara could not well accost a stranger and beg to be allowed to paint his pet dog.

As she stood putting little touches here and there to the cluster of kittens on her easel and realized that the work before her was finished, she became more and more obsessed with the desire to paint that white dog for her third picture. She placed great hope in the criticism of the work to be hung this winter and something told her she could do her best work if inspired by that strange little animal.

She became restless and, making the cushions comfortable in the righted basket, she donned her hat and went forth to walk off her uneasiness.

Barbara had been of the idea, ever since she had come to the big city to show her profession, that if she did exactly what was right at all times, thought evil of no one and harmed no one by deed or word, she would be loved by all that was her due. She had brought up with this idea and the teachings of her mother clung to her now that she was alone in the world.

Therefore, as she walked she thought, and gradually a peaceful feeling took the place of the spirit of unrest that had possessed her for days. As a turn through a nearby park, she retraced her footsteps toward her studio.

When she was within half a block of the house behind which was her studio, she was surprised to see an old tri-colored mother cat approaching her. It was the custom of the animal, after she had put her basket to sleep, to mount the garden wall and go out for air and exercise, but Barbara was not expecting to see her in the public street.

Well, Puss," Barbara was beginning, had stopped to pick up the animal, with a spit and a growl, and rapidly bushing tail, the cat made the narrow passageway between houses, a white dog in full pursuit.

"My dog!" cried Barbara aloud, and she peeped down the narrow alley. "Oh, if I could only keep my dog!" she wished aloud.

Steps came quickly behind her, and a man's voice behind her. Barbara turned and faced the owner of the dog.

"Was," Barbara corrected. "She has climbed the wall and your 'Loving' frantically at her."

Speaker's loved Barbara's directions. His white dog dancing to the music of his master's voice.

"I'm glad he did not beg a thousand pardons in to you," Barbara said, half to herself.

Barbara looked at her oddly. Perhaps a young woman—though intelligent and unusually pretty—was not right in her mind. Suddenly Barbara looked him squarely in the eyes and said:

"I must explain," she began. "I am an artist and animals are my forte. I have seen you pass with your dog for days, and ever since I laid eyes on him I have wanted to paint him. He is such a beauty with his long white coat and his pert little body. That's the reason I say this is Fate, for now I shall have the temerity to ask if I may use him for a model long enough to get him sketched into the canvas."

"But of course you may," the man interrupted. "Nothing would please me more. I'm proud of Tchucaata as you may well believe when I tell you I brought him all the way from Nome. He is an Eskimo dog and I had a hard time keeping him the first summer in this part of the country."

"I thought he had come from a cold climate with that coat," Barbara said, her eyes on the now discouraged canine.

"Here, Tchucaata," called the man. "Come and make your apologies to—"

"Barbara Graham," quickly supplemented Barbara, a rich color spreading over her face.

"Miss Graham," the man repeated, bowing.

"And I may paint him?" she asked, all her artist's soul rejoicing.

"Most certainly. When will you want him?" the man asked, pulling the ears of the animal beside him.

Barbara thought a moment. "I'll have to find a home for my little beast before I dare to bring my enemy into the studio," she explained. "Would tomorrow do?" she asked.

"The sooner the better—eh, Tchucaata?" the man asked. "I will bring him tomorrow morning and—" producing his card—"this is his owner's name."

Barbara took the card. With her eyes on it she confessed to the unconventional situation and apologized; but her plea was that her one passion in life was to succeed in her art and that if properly inspired she could do better work.

The man understood, and left her with the promise to bring his dog on the following morning.

It took only a few days for Barbara to work constantly to sketch in the figure of the dog, and then the artist was forced to admit that she could continue the work without the presence of the model.

"But it is no trouble for me to leave him—if it would be easier for you," the man insisted.

Barbara smiled up at him. "Of course it would be easier, but—" "Then he shall come," the man interrupted with a determined expression.

Barbara said nothing. She was queuing the contents of a small tube into her palette with wonted extravagance.

"And—Miss Graham," the man began, waiting for her to answer him by looking up—"might the master come some day after studio hours, and sit with the artist—if not for her?"

"Yes," Barbara answered, "he might—if he likes."

John Harden sat in the rustic studio many times after that, and when the picture his dog had inspired took an honorable mention at the exhibit he bought it to hang in their home, his own and Barbara's.

WHAT IS A DOORBELL FOR?

Cy Pose Insisted That His Neighbors Must Use the Improvements on the House.

Cy Pose was considered somewhat of a character round Hickory Forks. When he built his new house, he declared that it was not going to be a mere place to stay in. He was going to have all the "frills." Anyway, he had a doorbell, then a new thing in the neighborhood.

Soon after the new house was completed, Josh Briggs, an old neighbor who lived on the farm just up the road, came over one Sunday afternoon for a little call. It was pleasant fall weather. The windows were all open, but the front door was shut.

Josh knocked a little timidly, for everything looked pretty fine.

Cy, comfortably rocking in the front room, gave no heed.

Josh knocked again—louder.

Cy rocked away, contently.

Josh grew restive after a moment's wait and knocked again—a good loud knock.

Cy rocked on.

Josh changed feet, wiped his face, puzzled and offended, for he knew the folks were at home. Once more he tried it, a loud, continued knock that resounded over the entire place.

Whereupon Cy, still rocking comfortably, yelled:

"Ring the doorbell, consarn yal! Don't you know nothin'?"—Youth's Companion.

Colored Teeth.

Pearly teeth are not the fashion everywhere. Firms of artificial teeth manufacturers who have an export trade have to keep in stock molars of every shade of color from white to black.

There is a steady demand for black teeth in Siam, Java, Batavia, and Burma, where the natives chew the betelnut, which blackens the teeth.

For Persia the teeth must be absolutely milk-white. Recently an order was received from Bhavnagar, in India, for some bright red and blue artificial teeth. Smokers' teeth are regularly supplied to dentists in shades to match those which have been discolored by nicotine.

Not a la Mode.

"Their chauffeur seems a sober, careful fellow."

"Well, for the wages they pay they can't well do anything else."

Puck.

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

COLUMN DEDICATED TO TIRED MOTHERS AS THEY JOIN THE HOME CIRCLE AT EVENING TIDE.

Spray the wife who scolds and the husband who comes in with muddy boots.

Life is a failure that looks back from a pleasureless age, and wishes for a return of the years that a different course might be pursued.

Nothing is truer than that those who are passing through the "fires of adversity" need every expression of helpful sympathy from those upon whom such trials have not fallen.

Real womanliness is a woman's greatest beauty and most winning grace.

Sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four; eat three meals a day and walk on the sunny side of the way.

Fill your soul with richness, then when sorrow comes to you, her black shadows will be parted into golden rifts by your gathered sunshine.

When conversing, choose pleasant and interesting topics. If speaking of your acquaintances to strangers, mention their good qualities, not their faults.

Do not fret. If you want any one about you to accomplish anything, do not enfeeble them by fretting, do not destroy all desire, and crush out life itself by your fret-fret-fretting.

Fresh Hewn Chips.

If you would be happy as a child, please one.

Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom.

To best please a child is the highest triumph of philosophy.

A happy child is most likely to make an honest man.

To stimulate wholesome curiosity in the mind of a child, is to plant golden seed.

I would rather be called the children's friend than the world's king.

He that makes useful knowledge most attractive to the young is the king of sages.

Childish laughter is the echo of heavenly music.

The noblest act is that of making others happy.

Innocent amusements transform tears into rainbows.

The author of harmless mirth is a public benefactor.

Amusement to children is like rain to flowers.

Wholesome recreation conquers evil thoughts.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortunes.

Somebody insists the children need fewer precepts and more good example.

In too many families the mother assumes the care of everything and her daughters are but genteel loungers in the household.

No boy or girl can ever come to be utterly bad who remembers only love and tenderness and sweetness as associated with father and mother in the old-time home.

Children should be influenced unconsciously; they should be surrounded by an atmosphere of good.

HIS TROUBLE NOT OF HEART

Real Facts in Regard To F. R. Huffman's Illness. Relief Obtained By Curing His Stomach Ailments.

Waynesville, N. C.—Mr. F. R. Huffman, of this city, says: "I suffered dreadfully with what I thought was heart trouble, and tried various medicines in vain."

After other remedies had failed, Thedford's Black-Draught restored me to health. I would not feel safe without Black-Draught in the house. I consider it worth its weight in gold.

It cured my indigestion, and by this means I was restored to health. I can not express my gratitude for its benefits."

Good health depends on the condition of your digestion. Poor digestion and good health do not go together.

Thedford's Black-Draught will thoroughly cleanse and set in order your digestive system.

It has done this for others, during the past 70 years, and is today the most popular vegetable liver remedy on the market. Try it.

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ness, which they should breathe as unconsciously as they breathe the air. "Example is better than precept." To successfully influence your children for good, you must do as you would have them do. If you would have them polite, be polite to them, and to the inferiors of the household. Teach them to be considerate for others, by showing that you have consideration for everybody. Children are imitative, and monkey attributes may be turned to good uses by presenting to them qualities worthy of imitation.

The Graduate.

We all love the young graduate who comes home and takes her right place in her family and seeks in a pleasant, unaffected manner to improve the home life and teach and guide the younger ones of that home; better is she now able to fill her place in the church and among her young friends who have not had her advantages; where can she find a broader field for good work? Commonplace though it may appear, this doing of one's duty embodies the highest ideal of life and character. The doing of the commonplace work achieves the welfare of the world. We love the young graduate that does not claim to know more than other people; it is not right and then it is not wise; for it is such a good way of cheating oneself. Sometime, other people who have been schooled in the university of the world could teach the new graduates many things that are valuable, of which she has never heard. All great truths are not always grammatically spoken, and everything that can be known is not found in books. It is right for the young people to have opinions about everything that comes before them; but it would be well to remember that the great achievements of life have been accomplished by men and women in the gray of life, not in the downy years of youth. Let them look for the best in everything and everybody and "do all the good you can in all the ways you can, to all the people you can," in whatsoever place circumstances beyond your control place you. A college education is a valuable possession and greatly to be desired, but if it fails to broaden the heart as well as the mind, it is a failure.

VOTERS READ THIS.

To the gentlemen readers of the Big Sandy News, and to all voters in waiting for the next President: It is high time you put on your thinking cap, as when you go to vote for the next president, for everything you buy is getting almost out of reach for the laboring class of people. It looks like it is high time to lower the price of living. Stop and think what you are going to vote for. Are you going to vote for the name of a party, or for your own interest? If the poor man wants his nose put to the grind stone let him vote for the big named men, such as Roosevelt or Taft and this clique. If not, vote for the next nominee of the Democratic party and have a change and put down the high prices. If not, how is the poor class of people going to live? It is high time you were thinking about this thing. Don't vote just for the name of a party—vote for your own interests and come out victorious. I have always voted for a Republican president, but I think it is time to change the presidents. If there is not a change made things will still go higher. Then what will the poor man do for something to eat and wear? Pray for your welfare and study the matter over and say "I will do the right thing for myself and my neighbors, for I know I want to do the right thing, and I hope and trust that everybody else will do the same and look for the prize of a higher calling than just the name of a party." Have love in your heart for the poor in a way that it will ever flow, and then you will come out victorious. Praise the Lord if you vote down the high prices of everything, then you can say, "We have helped the poor and that we will stand by them through thick and thin. Then you will feel the love burning in your heart when you help the poor." Then you can sing "Hallelujah," we have helped the poor and the needy and live to it and a crown laid up for you, for it is high time people are beginning to think of their welfare and what is to become of them. Pray earnestly for your welfare and you are almost sure to get it. "Even when my faith is small trusting in Jesus that is all." I also want to thank the people of Louisa for their kindness toward me since I have been a citizen of Louisa. A friend to all, regardless of Politics.

A LOUISIAN.

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TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE LAWRENCE COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

TO BE HELD AT
LOUISA, KY., JULY 10 and 11, 1912

PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1912.

Morning Session.

- 10:00—Devotional Service Dr. Archibald Cree
- 10:15—Report of the County Secretary O. J. Vaughan
- 10:20—The Cradle Roll Mrs. Ruth Atkinson
- 10:30—Equipment and Organization:
 - (a) Elementary Division Miss Maud L. Dance, assistant to Miss Nannie Lee Frayser, Louisville, Ky.
 - (b) Secondary Division W. J. Vaughan
 - (c) Adult Division General Secretary G. A. Joplin, Louisville, Ky.
 - (d) Temperance and Purity Mrs. Agnes L. Elford, State Superintendent, Ashland, Ky.
- 11:50—Appointment of Committees and Announcements.

Afternoon Session.

- 1:30—A Service of Song—Prayer Rev. C. M. Summers
- 1:45—Definite Decisions for Christ L. M. Copley
- 2:00—Graded Instruction Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 2:20—Missionary Plans Rev. J. W. Crites
- 2:35—The Home Department W. T. Cain
- 2:50—Teaching the Little Ones in a One-room School, Miss Maud L. Dance
- 3:20—Measuring a Sunday School Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 4:00—Announcements and Adjournment.

Evening Session.

- 7:30—Song Service—Prayer Dr. Thomas Hanford
- 7:50—Annual Address of Welcome President M. S. Buras
- 8:10—Response from the Country Walter Arrington
- 8:25—The American Estimate of the Boy, Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 8:55—An Expression of Our Appreciation of Him, The Audience

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912.

Morning Session.

- 9:00—Devotional Service Rev. J. W. Crites
- 9:15—Treasurer's Report O. J. Vaughan
- 9:20—Home Study Elder C. M. Summers
- 9:30—Echoes from the Field, by Officers of Magisterial Districts.
- 10:00—Teacher Training Elder C. M. Summers
- 10:20—Song Service of the Sunday School, Dr. Archibald Cree
- 10:45—Progress L. M. Copley
- 11:10—Stewardship Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 11:40—Report of Nominating Committee.
- 11:45—Installation of Officers.
- 12:00—Adjournment.

Afternoon Session.

Impromptu Speeches and Conferences.

ELLEN.

Mrs. Loran and Hubert Berry of Louisa are visiting relatives here this week.

Several from Ellen attended the festival at Walnut Gap Saturday night and reported a large crowd, good cream and a complete success. F. B. Berry is at home on a week's vacation.

John Thompson and wife visited Mr. Lys Prince and wife at Irad Saturday.

Thomps and Leo Berry were calling on Brushy friends Sunday.

While cutting a bee tree Jack Curnutte injured one of his eyes pretty badly.

Miss Fay Adams is here visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Graham.

Mrs. O. G. Graham and little son Charles have gone to Louisa for a short stay.

There will be an ice cream supper at this place Saturday night June 15th, for the benefit of the church. Everybody is most cordially invited to come. C. L. CYLVERS.

FARM FOR SALE.

The Marion Young farm of 100 acres on left Georges creek. Price low. Half cash, balance easy terms. Apply to T. S. Thompson, Louisa, Ky.

The Sun and Substance

of being a subscriber to the given at paper is that you and y'church on family become attached to the theme it. The paper becomes "The member of the family anatomy its coming each week will be as welcome as the arrival of anyone that's dear. It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.



BERNARDO CHIEF

WILL MAKE THE SEASON ON THE FAIRM OF

WM. TAYLOR, at GLENWOOD, KY.

Bernardo Chief is a registered stallion, No. 4308, a fine bay. He was sired by Sterling Chief, from Bourbon Chief, Harrison Chief, Clark Chief, Dan, Walkie Gay, by B. S. Phillips Black Horse, General Taylor, Diamond Penna.